

Lady Pope
"Pilot"

written by

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One hundred and eleven cardinals sit in scattered chairs around the Sistine Chapel, sweaty and exhausted. None of them are having a good time. A few look to the fresco at the head of the chapel with hope; most are slumped forlornly in their seats. The dean of the college of cardinals, CARDINAL FRANCESCO MONTI (mid-70s, short, boring as dried paint), reads votes in a monotonous voice.

One cardinal, BILL MASON (late 40s, stout, country-fried), turns to his neighbor, cardinal OKEKE ADEBAYO (mid-50s, tall and lanky, cat-like poise) and yawns.

BILL

What pope you ever heard of takes
thirty-three days to elect?

OKEKE

It is an ill omen for the church. We are entering a time of great discord.

BILL

Don't know about all that, but I sure do miss seeing the sunshine. Got to a point where I'm just making up games for myself, keep myself sane.

OKEKE

Games?

BILL

Yeah, for example: I know this vote is gonna be a wash, so I made up a fake name and plumb threw it in. Let God sort 'em out, and all that.

OKEKE

I must admit -- as sacrilegious as it may appear -- I have made a similar decision myself. It appears we are playing the *same* game, Cardinal Bill Mason.

BILL

Oh yeah? What name you throw in, Okeke? Something Ni-ger-ian, no doubt.

OKEKE

No. In fact, I chose a name as different from mine as I could imagine. I have cast my vote for one "Gabby Doyle."

(CONTINUED)

BILL

I'll be damned! I think you musta read
my mind, 'cause I threw in a Gabby Doyle
too! What're the odds?

Another nearby cardinal, GRIGOR KLIMASEWSKI (70s, small,
timid), throws his hands up in fear.

GRIGOR

I'm sorry! I shouldn't have done it! I
was just... I was so bored! How did you
learn of my perfidious vote?!

BILL

How did I... Grigor, you voted for this
Gabby gal too?

Grigor nods fearfully, and Okeke's brow furrows. We focus in
on Cardinal Francesco, and it becomes clear as he announces
the votes that -- through some miraculous coincidence -- more
than half are cast for this "Gabby Doyle."

Francesco reaches the final vote, cast once again for Gabby
Doyle. He pauses for a moment, about to say the name of the
newest pope, but stops. He's confused and slightly perturbed.
After taking a moment to collect himself, he addresses the
room.

FRANCESCO

After thirty-three days of deliberation,
a new pope has been chosen. Ninety-six
cardinals have spoken with one voice.
Rise, children of God, and exalt the
newest vicar of Christ...

The crowd waits with bated breath. Francesco squints at his
paper.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)

Now... who IS Gabby Doyle?

CUT TO:

In a cramped New York City apartment, GABBY DOYLE (28,
brunette, alt-y and cute) sits under a comforter on a ratty
rescued couch. On an equally ratty loveseat next to her sits
her roommate MARISSA (25, naive, prim and proper) and
Marissa's boyfriend RYAN (27, himbo, shaggy blonde mullet).
The three are watching an old horror movie and Marissa is
hiding her head in Ryan's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

GABBY

It's not really that scary, Marissa.
Honestly, it's kind of tacky.

MARISSA

I don't like blood!

RYAN

She doesn't like blood, Gabby.

GABBY

There's barely any blood! And it's
all... ew, did they use tomato sauce?
Why is it chunky?

MARISSA

That's even worse!

RYAN

The blood is chunky, Gabby. That's
gross.

GABBY

You're unreal. I get one movie a month,
and if it's anything scarier than "Mamma
Mia!" you turn it into a whole ordeal.

MARISSA

Ooo, can we watch "Mamma Mia!" instead?

GABBY

No! I got to pick one thing, and we're
going to watch it! We watch "Mamma Mia!"
all the time.

RYAN

Please, Gabby? This one is really
freaking her out, you know her brother
was killed by a skeleton.

MARISSA

No baby, it was a meth-head. He was
just, like, really skinny.

RYAN

Oh, right. I always get those mixed up.

GABBY

Alright, fine!

Gabby stands up from the couch in a huff.

(CONTINUED)

GABBY (CONT'D)

You guys want to watch the same movie we
watch every week? Go for it. I'll be in
my room.

MARISSA

Gabby...

The couple weakly tries to stop Gabby as she storms off to her room. As the door slams, we hear the beginning of "Mamma Mia!" play from the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. GABBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gabby flops down on her twin bed in annoyance. Her room is small and cramped, crowded with dirty clothes and horror movie props. There's a small desk in the corner, so covered with potted plants that there's no usable surface area.

Gabby scowls and pulls out her phone, flicking through social media. She sees a headline: "PAPAL CONCLAVE ENDS WITH SHOCKING RESULT!" Gabby barely registers it before scrolling past, landing on a black-and-white photoshoot of handsome B-list actor NIKO WHITE. She swipes through the pictures until she receives a text from "PATRICK," and then another, and then another.

The texts read: "hey

i had a great time with you these past couple weeks but i
talked it over with my other partners and Sheryl thinks we
should work on the 'cule before we bring another person in
seriously tho ur great :)"

Gabby groans and throws her phone on the floor.

GABBY

Holy crap, is there anything worse than
dating in New York City?

Suddenly, she hears something collide with her window. She looks over, and there's a smear of blood on the glass.

MARISSA (OFF-SCREEN)

Are they throwing dead rats at the
window again?

GABBY

Don't know why they would be, we're paid
up on rent!

(CONTINUED)

Gabby gets out of bed to check the window. Just before she gets there, a white dove flies into it with a smack. Gabby watches horrified as it slides down the window, leaving even more blood, and falls two stories. She opens the window and looks at the sidewalk, where at least half a dozen injured doves are twitching in a pile.

GABBY (CONT'D)
I think I'll leave this open for now.

Suddenly, another dove flies through the open window. It perches on Gabby's desk and begins pecking at one of her potted plants.

GABBY (CONT'D)
Oh, hello. What are you up to, little guy?

Gabby notices the dove has a scroll tied to its leg. Cautiously, Gabby walks over to the dove, removes the scroll, and begins to read it.

GABBY (CONT'D)
What... College of Cardinals? Tomorrow at daybreak... St. Patrick's cathedral...

Gabby pauses, confused.

MARISSA (OFF-SCREEN)
Did you see who was doing it?

GABBY
No, uh...

Gabby exits her room, holding the struggling dove.

GABBY (CONT'D)
Do we have somewhere to keep a bird?

CUT TO:

Gabby stands outside the cathedral, rubbing sleep from her eyes. She looks around, trying to see who sent the bird.

Solemnly, the doors to the cathedral creak open, and a wrinkled hand beckons Gabby to enter. Gabby pulls a can of mace from her bag and slowly walks into the building.

(CONTINUED)

GABBY

Alright, is this some kind of Da Vinci
Code thing? I watched the book AND saw
the movie, so no funny business!

She's struck for a moment by the beauty of the cathedral at dawn. Standing at the pulpit are two Catholic servitors: TOMAS BIANCHI (38, dour, rapidly balding) and RAFAEL DE MARCO (29, stunningly handsome, down-to-earth). Cardinal Francesco, looking as if he just ran from the door, arrives at the pulpit just as Gabby enters and pretends to shuffle papers.

FRANCESCO

You are Gabrielle? It is good to know
our doves reached you.

GABBY

You could have just sent an email.

FRANCESCO

We could have. But given the, ah,
circumstances? It seemed some pomp was
in order.

GABBY

Circumstances? Is this about the
sacramental wine? It was twelve years
ago and I already told Father Joseph I
was sorry --

Rafael chuckles at this. Francesco shoots him a cold look
before continuing.

FRANCESCO

Gabrielle Rosa Doyle, a plurality of
cardinal electors have chosen you as
bishop of Rome. You are, if you accept,
the new Pope of the Catholic Church.

Gabby is stunned for a moment. Then she shakes her head
indignantly.

GABBY

Help me out here. Is this a prank show?
Am I on The Prank Brothers?

FRANCESCO

This is no joke, your Holiness. It is a
serious occasion, and one which requires
you to keep a level head.

GABBY

I haven't been to church since I was fifteen, and I'm a woman. And I'm pope material?

RAFAEL

Better-looking than most pontiffs, to be sure.

Francesco shoots him a look.

FRANCESCO

I will admit, the situation is strange. But be that as it may, ninety-six priests submitted your name independently. It is... unprecedented. Many in the church leadership look on it as a message from God himself.

GABBY

A message from...

FRANCESCO

We have kept it quiet, but the church has recently been mired in discord. An ideological tug-of-war which threatens the conviction of Catholics across the world. Many of our number see you as the answer to this conflict, an auspicious unifying force for a divided faith. Some see you as an interloper. Some wonder if you are a prophet. I hope to bring you to the Vatican, to discover which is true. Please, to avoid unnecessary strife and discord: return with me to the Holy See, and take your seat on the papal throne.

The room is silent for a moment. Gabby seems as if she might actually believe everything she's just learned. Then her face shifts.

GABBY

Okay, that was cute, but whatever you're selling here doesn't pass my smell test.

FRANCESCO

Smell test...? Your Holiness, this is a matter of survival for the --

GABBY

And this "your Highness" business, laying it on a bit thick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABBY (CONT'D)

Just point out where the cameras are, I can wave to them, and then I'll go get ready for work.

TOMAS

She is a moron.

GABBY

Yup, you got me! Ah, I'm so stupid, I totally fell for it. Where's the camera, is it behind the cross?

Gabby starts making surprised faces at various objects in the cathedral. Francesco is baffled.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm gonna go catch some more Zs 'cause I'm working a double today. Just tell me when the episode's out. Maybe use my email this time.

Gabby waves to the pulpit, turns tail, and strides out of the cathedral. The three men stare in shock and confusion.

RAFAEL

Not what you were expecting, sir?

TOMAS

I say we cut our losses, your Eminence. This girl was always a silly fantasy.

FRANCESCO

I am inclined to agree.

RAFAEL

No! She will come around, I know it. Let me try one thing before we give up.

CUT TO:

Gabby is sitting outside of the Third Date Cafe, a hole-in-the-wall coffee shop in Chelsea, drinking a latte with Marissa and Ryan, sitting together in one seat.

RYAN

You think it was the Prank Brothers?

MARISSA

No baby, they're in Chicago. Plus they're super critical of the Catholic church.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Oh yeah. You're so smart, baby.

GABBY

I don't really care who it was. Mostly I'm just pissed I had to wake up at 4AM.

MARISSA

Yeah, that sounds annoying.

(Beat.)

It could be nice to have a lady pope though.

GABBY

Marissa, you're Jewish.

MARISSA

Yeah, but I still follow the pope on socials.

RYAN

Right, plus it would be nice for Gabby to have a bigger paycheck before...

MARISSA

Babe!

GABBY

Before what?

RYAN

Nothing!

MARISSA

Ryan and I have been talking about getting our own place...

GABBY

Oh.

MARISSA

We were going to tell you! We just... wanted to look at some spots first.

GABBY

So you weren't going to tell me until it was too late?

RYAN

(Earnestly) Yes!

Marissa stares daggers at Ryan. He wilts.

(CONTINUED)

MARISSA

I'm sorry, Gabby.

GABBY

It's fine. In fact, I'll help you look.

Gabby fakes a smile, and continues the conversation cheerfully. When the couple isn't looking, though, she stares pensively into her reflection in the coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRATTORIA GUSTO - EVENING

We are outside Trattoria Gusto, a tacky Italian restaurant in Chelsea. Gabby is taking a smoke break before she returns to her shift.

Her fellow server, STEVEN (25, lanky, curly-haired), pokes his head out of the restaurant's back door.

STEVEN

We need you in here an hour ago.

GABBY

In a second, Steven! It's been a pretty crappy day, and I got a legally-mandated ten minutes.

STEVEN

I don't care about the law or your crappy day. We got ten families and three of them are having birthdays. Plus there's some guy who requested you specifically. Finish up.

GABBY

Jesus, fine.

Gabby throws her cigarette to the ground and mashes it with her heel. She dusts off her white button-up and slacks. She pushes her way through the kitchen and meets up with fellow server PAUL (27, amiable, on the bigger side).

INT. TRATTORIA GUSTO - CONTINUOUS

GABBY (CONT'D)

Alright, who's asking for me, Paul?

Paul simply nods across the room before serving another table. Sitting by himself at a table is Rafael. He looks at Gabby and gives a small wave.

(CONTINUED)

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Gabby walks over to Rafael, rolling her eyes.

RAFAEL

Ciao, Gabby. It is lovely to see you again.

GABBY

So you're actually Italian, huh? Didn't know if that was part of the show. If this is a stalking thing, just know that I have the cops on speed-dial.

RAFAEL

(Laughing) No, you will not see me after tonight if you do not wish to.

GABBY

Great. What can I get for you?

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

I will have a glass of the Merlot, and for my entree...

He reads the menu and grimaces a bit.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Would you recommend the "Chicken Al-freak-o" or the "Crazy Caprese Poppers?"

GABBY

I'd recommend the McDonald's down the street.

RAFAEL

You are a funny woman. I will have the caesar salad.

GABBY

Incredible. That'll be out in a bit.
Arri-va der-chi.

Rafael smirks, but when Gabby is about to leave, he catches her arm.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Hey, asshole, I have other tables to --

RAFAEL

Please. May I tell you a story? It will be fast.

Gabby is about to call for help, but Rafael looks at her with a charming, earnest smile. Gabby isn't made of stone; she relents and sits down across from him.

(CONTINUED)

GABBY
It'd better be.

RAFAEL
My parents died when I was cinque anni. Five years old. My father from cancer of the liver, and my mother from heartbreak. I was alone. I was scared. We wish it would not happen in the modern day, but... there are cracks.

GABBY
That's... that sucks.

Rafael chuckles.

RAFAEL
It does. But there was business for small boys with quick hands in the streets of Rome. I would wander Trevi e Colonna, slipping hands into tourist pockets and around tourist wrists. It was not an easy life, but I did not starve. Not until I fell ill.

GABBY
Oh.

RAFAEL
I could not think, could barely see. For two days I lay feverish in an alley in Quarticciolo. I may have died, but I awoke to find myself in a bed. I had been saved, by the sisters of Santa Chiara D'Assisi.

Rafael sniffs, as if holding back tears. He rubs an eye with the back of his hand.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)
I did not stay with them long. They were women of God, and did not need distractions from their duty. But they helped me find accommodations. They fed and bathed me when I could not. It is by their faith that I am alive. And soon I found my way to the Church, to repay my debt.

GABBY
Okay... that's... I have other tables open, I should--

She attempts to stand, but Rafael touches her arm once again.

(CONTINUED)

RAFAEL

Just one more moment. What I mean to say is, I have seen the power of faith to heal the sick and clothe the poor. It is flawed, but it is ours. And it is in jeopardy. Perhaps centuries of staid old men have doomed our Church. To fighting, to obsolescence, to slow fevered death. But I have faith that is not so. I believe you have been sent to correct our wrongs.

GABBY

That's sweet. It is. But... look at where I work. Look at me. I can't fix my life, let alone yours or some random guy in Brazil's.

RAFAEL

If you do not believe, it will never be so.

(Beat.)

Please, even if you do not return with Francesco to Città del Vaticano, speak to him. Listen to what he says. He is an older man than me, and wiser. He will know what to say.

GABBY

I...

Steven, serving a family in a booth, shoots Gabby a nasty look from across the restaurant. She stands up from the table.

GABBY (CONT'D)

So that was the caesar salad and a Merlot?

RAFAEL

Yes, that will be fine.

Gabby walks back to the kitchen. She passes Steven, who is joylessly singing a chintzy corporate birthday song to a chubby Long Island family. The child -- no more than 4 years old -- is hitting him on the leg with a fork as he sings.

STEVEN

*It's your birthday, mi bambino/
And when you are here, then we know/
Celebrating is a must-o/
From your friends at Trattoria Gusto/*

Gabby, still in her sweat-stained work clothes, is counting through a stack of ratty dollar bills. Her room is just as messy as it was before, with one exception: the plants on her desk are organized to make space for an old mid-sized cage in which the dove is resting.

GABBY

How are you holding up?

DOVE

Coo!

GABBY

Story of my life, sister.

She finishes counting the bills.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Fifty-eight dollars. Big spenders tonight.

DOVE

Coo!

GABBY

No, it isn't enough for rent. But what can I do? Start stealing from people's purses?

DOVE

Coo...

GABBY

Don't you start with me. I have a life here! It's kind of a crappy life, yeah. But it's a life. I should give that up to, what, save the Catholic church?

DOVE

Coo!

GABBY

I have 5 months left on my lease! I've got three guys who might text me back any minute!

Gabby's phone buzzes. She picks it up to read a text from PERRY that says "hey. nice 2 meet u. Dad died. prolly not dating rn."

(CONTINUED)

GABBY (CONT'D)

Okay, two guys. And one political campaign. But what about my job? What about Marissa and Ryan?

From the living room, we can hear Marissa and Ryan begin to have gentle-yet-loud sex on the couch. Gabby grimaces.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Alright, that's one too many cute coincidences for me in one night. If you've got something to say, just say it.

The dove begins to bump against the bars of the cage, as if trying to escape.

DOVE

Coo! Coo!

GABBY

I didn't mean it literally!

The dove keeps banging against the cage, pushing it closer and closer to the unfurled scroll from Francesco.

GABBY (CONT'D)

Jesus, what? Are you hungry? You wanna get out of here?

Gabby moves to open the cage. The moment the door is unlocked, the dove flies out of the open window and into the night.

MARISSA (OFF-SCREEN)

(Still having sex) Ah... Gabby, did you -- not so hard baby, I just did kegels - - did you just let the bird go?

GABBY

I guess so, yeah.

MARISSA (OFF-SCREEN)

Aw, that's a -- ughhh -- shame, he was cute!

RYAN (OFF-SCREEN)

I think a -- hhng -- pet is good for you, Gabby!

GABBY

Alright, good talk, guys!

(CONTINUED)

Gabby sighs and flops onto her bed, scrolling on her phone. She sees a clip of Niko White on a talk show, laughing with the host.

HOST

...a week, and the Catholic church still
won't tell us who the Pope is?

NIKO

It's like getting your girlfriend to
pick where to go for dinner...

Suddenly, the dove returns with a mouthful of sticks. Gabby watches as the dove returns to its cage and begins nesting the bottom. We focus on two of the sticks, forming a messy cross. The dove looks at Gabby.

GABBY

Okay, I get it! You're not slick. Make
yourself useful and grab me a pen.

The dove continues to stare at her dumbly. Gabby sighs frustratedly, grabs a pen, and begins to write on the back-side of the scroll.

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAYBREAK

Francesco awakes in a cheap-looking bed, yawning and smacking his lips. Tomas is in the corner of the room, already dressed and packing the cardinal's suitcase.

FRANCESCO

Tomas. It is early.

TOMAS

It is, but there is much to be done. You must return to Città del Vaticano and find a new pontiff. We have no time to lose.

FRANCESCO

I suppose you are right. Where is Rafael? He should be helping you pack.

RAFAEL

Ah, he is out on that balcony. Smoking.

FRANCESCO

A disgusting habit. Every day I tell the boy to stop, and every day he does not listen.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

He will learn, your Eminence.

FRANCESCO

He must. We must keep a tight ship, or else we give our enemies ammunition.

TOMAS

Our enemies? Your Eminence, you are being paranoid. It is a simple vice.

FRANCESCO

No, Tomas, you are being naive. Each vice, each weakness that we embody? They are finger-holds for those who wish to steer the Church into storms and squalls. I will not tolerate vices around me.

TOMAS

Does the Lord not counsel forgiveness, for He knows each of his children has the capacity for sin?

FRANCESCO

The Lord, in His infinite wisdom, may counsel what He wishes. I counsel diligence and vigilance.

Tomas folds a piece of Francesco's underwear. Francesco notices a skid mark and grimaces.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)

Get Rafael. He will help you pack. We must be back in Vaticano as soon as possible.

TOMAS

Yes, your Eminence.

Tomas bows and exits to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Rafael is finishing a cigarette. He taps the ashes off the end and drops it into a whiskey glass filled with cigarette butts. Rafael flashes a charming smile before pulling out another cigarette.

RAFAEL

Ah, Tommaso! A lovely morning in the City of a Thousand Dreams. Cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

Francesco commands you to help pack.

Rafael sighs, the cigarette already in his mouth. Patiently, he removes it and taps it back into its pack.

RAFAEL

If it's not one thing, it's another. I hope you've left some undergarments for me.

TOMAS

He also counsels that you quit smoking.

RAFAEL

Is it already a day that ends in "i?" Let the old man speak what he will.

TOMAS

I happen to agree with him. It's unbecoming for a member of the Church.

RAFAEL

As is drinking a martini on a summer day, or kissing a beautiful woman at sunset. As is dabbing that growth formula on your bald spot every morning. We are all human, Tomasso.

Tomas instinctively touches his bald spot and scowls.

TOMAS

Francesco believes that to survive the instability ahead, we must act as more than human. Not allow weakness and folly to guide us. We must put our baser instincts aside.

RAFAEL

When his Eminence learns how to do that, I hope he shares it with the rest of us. Go, I will follow you in five, four, three, two...

Just as Rafael reaches "one," the dove lands on the balcony's railing. The two men look at each other dumbly.

TOMAS

You knew that would happen?

RAFAEL

If I didn't, you would never hear me admit it.

TOMAS

What is that attached to its leg?

Tomas reaches the dove's leg and removes a scroll that had been attached to it. He unfurls the scroll and begins to read. As he reads further, his face grows more and more astonished. Rafael, reading over his shoulder, can't help but grin.

When the men finish reading, they are silent for a moment. Rafael finally breaks the silence, still grinning.

RAFAEL

Well, I imagine he will want to hear this.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

Gabby stands in the courtyard of St. Patrick's cathedral, smoking a cigarette. She scans the passersby, until finally she sees Cardinal Francesco, Tomas, and Rafael, all in civilian clothes. Rafael is dressed comfortably, while Francesco and Tomas clearly have not dressed down in some time. Tomas is wearing a ten-gallon hat. Gabby waves them over.

GABBY

Yo.

RAFAEL

Ciao, Beatissimo Madre.

Rafael kisses the back of Gabby's hand. Gabby blushes, and Francesco shoots him a dirty look.

GABBY

No cameras this time? Or is it hidden in the cowboy hat?

FRANCESCO

Enough.

TOMAS

We read your letter.

RAFAEL

His Excellency nearly had a stroke. His whole face, purple like a plum.

FRANCESCO

You presume much, girl. You gamble with the souls of two billion men and women.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)

If the fate of the Church was not at
stake--

GABBY

Yeah, but it is, isn't it? You need me,
all your top guys think I was chosen by
God. It seems like I have all the
leverage here.

TOMAS

We are... over a barrel, your Eminence.

Francesco stews silently for a moment.

GABBY

You said it yourself, when we met. The
Catholic church is going through a tough
time right now. Something needs to
change. So this is what I propose.

Gabby points to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

GABBY (CONT'D)

I'll do all the Pope stuff. But here. I
have a life that I'm not ready to just
up and leave. I just found a good Greek
place a couple blocks from me. I'm in
the talking stage with two guys and a
political campaign. Marissa and Ryan are
about to find a new apartment.

FRANCESCO

Spitting in the face of TWO THOUSAND
years of tradition. For what!

GABBY

I'm sure it's not two thousand. Weren't
you guys in France for a bit? And
obviously, you know, the Middle East was
big.

FRANCESCO

The traditionalists will riot. The
infrastructure of Vaticano--

GABBY

And that's why I'll need your help. Work
with me, let's chart the future of this
Church together.

Francesco stares at her, aghast. Tomas and Rafael look at him
worriedly. Then, suddenly, he regains his composure.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCO

Unfortunately your Holiness, I too have built a life, in Rome. And there is much to do in the Holy See. I will bring news of your acceptance to the College, and we will begin to make preparations to announce your ascension to St. Peter's throne.

Francesco clasps Tomas, Rafael, and Gabby's hands. He turns to leave, before looking over his shoulder.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)

In my absence, I do hope my attendants will serve you well. Tomas, Rafael, you will be staying here to fulfill Her Holiness's every instruction.

TOMAS

But, but, Francesco--

RAFAEL

(Simultaneously) Your wish is my command, Madre.

Rafael winks at Gabby. Francesco walks away and begins to laugh.

FRANCESCO

Big changes are coming to the church, that much is clear. Big changes!

Gabby, Rafael, and Tomas stand in silence. Tomas is on the verge of a panic attack, Rafael is grinning maniacally, and Gabby is just kind of bemused.

GABBY

Well, that went about as good as I could've hoped. How're you two feeling about the new boss?

TOMAS

I - I don't... How could he just... 4,000 miles from home...

RAFAEL

Yes, your life is all very tragic. So, what shall we do while we wait?

GABBY

Me and some friends were gonna go clubbing tonight. You guys want to come with?

(CONTINUED)

RAFAEL

I would be honored, your Holiness.
 Tomasso, let's get you some proper
 dancing clothes!

Gabby and Rafael walk off, laughing and chatting. Tomas, still shocked, puts his hands in his pockets. He notices something and pulls out a ripped page from the hotel's Gideon bible.

The page contains Proverbs 20:12: "**The hearing ear and the seeing eye, the Lord has made them both.**" Tomas reads it over, and looks in the direction that Francesco had walked in. A look of understanding crosses his face.

TOMAS

I understand, your Eminence. I will see,
 and I will listen.

He jogs after Gabby and Rafael, his cowboy hat falling off of his head as he runs. He loops back to pick it up, and then continues after them.

CUT TO: CREDITS

INT. CENTURY CLUB - NIGHT

As the credits play we see Gabby, Rafael, Tomas, Marissa, Ryan, and Steven in a dimly-lit club. Gabby and Rafael are dancing together, bumping into each other and smiling flirtatiously. Tomas is wearing a silk shirt and a skinny scarf, looking intensely uncomfortable. Marissa and Ryan are slow dancing, even though the music obviously isn't made for it. Steven is wearing a mesh shirt and is clearly on some kind of party drug, waving glow sticks around like a maniac.

A girl walks up to Rafael and tries to flirt with him, but Rafael waves her away. He and Gabby dance some more, until his phone starts to buzz. Rafael excuses himself and steps outside to the smoking area. He pulls out his phone, and we can see the Caller ID says "Mamma." He pulls up Facetime and we see his mother, an older woman with laugh lines around her mouth. As he smiles, we end with a cut to black.